

**BRITISH SHIPS AND SEAPLANES RAID GERMAN COAST**

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,487.

Registered at the G.P.O.  
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1914

One Halfpenny.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE KAISER: BRITISH SHIPS AND SEAPLANES RAID GERMANY AND PUT ZEPPELINS TO FLIGHT.

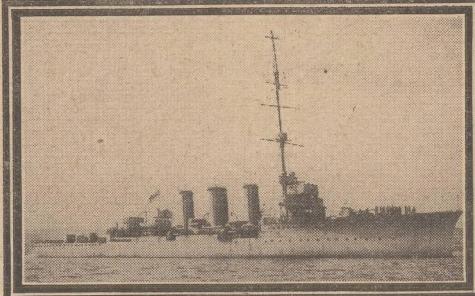
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Flight Commander Douglas A. Oliver, R.N., who piloted one of the seaplanes in the raid.



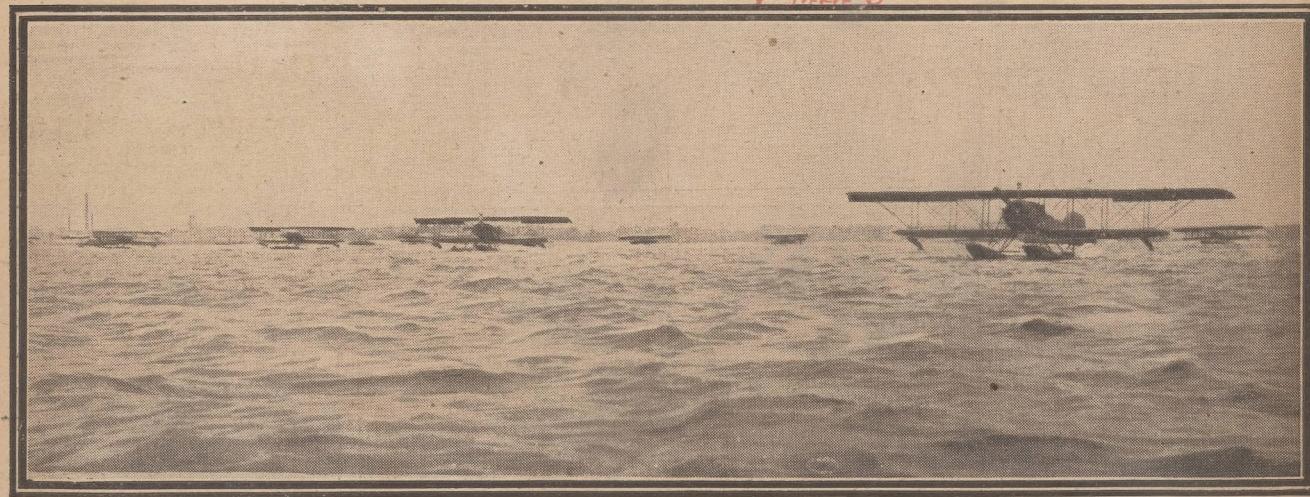
H.M.S. Undaunted escorted the seaplanes.



So did H.M.S. Arethusa. Photographed at time of launching.



Flight Commander Francis E. T. Hewlett, R.N., the only British pilot who is missing after the raid.



A fleet of British seaplanes on the water. This photograph was taken during the war.

The British Navy has soon shown that it has no intention of forgetting the German raid on Scarborough. On Christmas Day British ships and seaplanes startled Germany in the neighbourhood of Cuxhaven, attacked the German warships lying in the

Schillig roads and beat off a counter-attack by hostile Zeppelins, seaplanes and submarines. The Undaunted and Arethusa soon put the Zeppelins to flight. Only one British seaplane pilot is missing; Flight Commander Francis E. T. Hewlett, R.N.

## SOLDIER WHO RAN CRONJE TO EARTH.

Death of General Kelly-Kenny, Famous Leader in Boer War.

## FIFTY YEARS IN ARMY.

Yet another famous name must be added to the list of distinguished soldiers who have passed away since the war began.

General Kelly-Kenny died peacefully at Hove on Saturday in his seventy-fifth year.

A splendid type of soldier, tall, straight, fine-featured, and rapid in thought and action, he was the hero of wars in many quarters of the globe.

He will, perhaps, be best remembered for his work in South Africa.

It was General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny who chased Cronje's army to the sea, the Boer general then surrendering to Lord Roberts on February 27, 1900, the anniversary of the Majuba Hill disaster.

Subsequently General Kelly-Kenny led the British in the successful action at Driefontein, which cleared the way for the advance on Bloemfontein.

Here, in the capital of the Free State, General Kelly-Kenny's other abilities came into play.

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Cutting the cake after the wedding of Miss Wilson, and Mr. Frank Malcolmson, who was engineer on the Volturno when she was burned at sea. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

He was placed in charge of the communications, which the Boers were constantly trying to cut.

General Kelly-Kenny remained in general command of all the operations in the Free State until he came home to England in 1901.

Until 1904 he was Adjutant of the Forces. He retired in 1907 with fifty years' service to his credit.

### WINDFALL FOR YOUNG ENSIGN.

General Kelly-Kenny's first experience of fortune's kindly intentions towards him occurred while, as plain Ensign Kelly, the young Irishman was spending a few days' leave at Brighton one winter.

As he stood on the front one stormy afternoon he noticed an old man trying to cross King's road in the teeth of a furious wind. Seeing that he was evidently in difficulties, the future general hastened forward and politely offered him his arm.

This kindly act so impressed the stranger that he invited the young soldier to dine with him.

The chance acquaintance ripened into friendship and when the old man died a few weeks later it was found that he had left the young officer a large sum of money.

### KING EDWARD'S FRIEND.

General Kelly-Kenny enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the late King Edward, as well as of the late Lord Roberts.

He was awarded many distinguished Orders, including the G.C.B. and the G.C.V.O.

The large number of great soldiers who have died away from the hurly-burly of battle since war began in August will be seen from the following list:

Lieutenant-General Sir J. M. Grierson, commander of an army corps, who died from heart failure while in France.

General Sir Charles Douglas, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who died after a week's illness on October 25.

Lieutenant-General Sir W. E. Franklin, commanding the (Central) Division of Lord Kitchener's Army.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir W. Carington, found dead in his bed.

Major R. G. Kekewich, hero of Kimberley, found shot in his bedroom.

Surgeon-General William Maxwell Craig, C.B., R.N., died at Chelsea on August 6.

To the foregoing list must be added the immortal name of Lord Roberts, V.C., who died "within sound of the guns" at the front last month.

### BRITISH WARSHIP ASHORE.

A British torpedo craft went ashore during a gale on the Pife coast at Kingsbarne early yesterday morning.

Part of the crew were rescued by the Crail lifeboat, which, however, was stovin on its last trip. The remainder of the crew, including the captain and several officers, were rescued

## COMEDIANS' "SECRETS."

Mirthful Duet in "Sleeping Beauty—Beautiful" at Drury Lane.

## BRITISH FUN AT LYCEUM.

A huge audience assembled at Drury Lane on Boxing Night to welcome "The Sleeping Beauty—Beautiful." Beautiful is an appropriate word, for the scenes seem more beautiful, the dresses more bewitching and the tunes more melodious than ever before.

One song, called "Won't You Join the Army?" sung in delightful fashion by dainty Miss Renée Mayer, is quite a masterpiece in its way.

Little Miss Mayer herself as Puck brings the magic atmosphere of fairyland to every charming scene in which she appears.

Mr. George Graves and Mr. Will Evans are funny in their respective styles, and have a delicious funny duet about "Secrets."

Miss Fanny Rossiter, nee (now) "Top Girl," sings well, and is very bright and attractive, while that remarkable dancer, Mr. Stanley Lupino, is as eccentric and nimble as ever.

One of the most delightful "Cinderella" pantomimes London has ever seen is now being given at the Aldwych.

The "Cinderella" is beautiful Miss Julia James, and this fact very largely explains the spell which this fairy romance casts over the audience.

Miss Lily Iris gives us a sprightly and charming Prince. The comedians work well together.

Those who like thoroughly rollicking fun and good British fun will be pleased of it at the Lyceum in "Jack and the Beanstalk."

This pantomime is full of comic characters. There are Mr. Victor Kelly, a screamingly funny Simple Simon, and Mr. Harry Conlin, a really first-rate dame. These are only two amongst a bevy of comedians all rich and rare in their individual ways. Miss Louie Beckman makes a splendid Jack.

## TO BLOW UP BRUSSELS.

Mines Laid by Huns, who Threaten Terrible Reprisals If Driven from Belgium.

PARIS, Dec. 26.—"Brussels is now entirely mined and ready to be blown up the very minute we are obliged to retreat."

These are the exact words that were used by a German major to a Belgian woman who has just reached Paris.

The officer added: "I don't believe we will ever have to evacuate Belgium, but if we must do so the world will realise that Louvain will just a single flower. Brussels will be the bough."

The woman went on to say that it was commonly known that all big public buildings and all the sewers of the city were mined.

Twice daily war communiqués are published and pasted on the walls of the city hall and in cafés. As the people knew they contained nothing but bluff they did not take much notice of them, but now soldiers are posted in front of the notices and men and women are compelled to stand guard the German news.

Recently, while travelling in a car, a Belgian woman was wearing a Belgian decoration on a lapel of her coat. An officer stopped her and ordered her to take the ribbon off. She pretended not to understand, whereupon he tore it off with the point of his sword.—Exchange.

## THE KING AND INTERCESSION.

In a letter received by the Archbishop of Canterbury from the King his Majesty states that he has learnt with great satisfaction that the day of intercession is likely to be observed by all churches throughout the country in a heartfelt and reverent spirit.

"May the fervent converts," continues the letter, "of all our great day employers will do their utmost to reduce Sunday labour as far as practicable, so that all may have the opportunity to attend the services and to take part in this national act of prayer."

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 24.—In a dispatch from the German headquarters the correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, speaking of the English troops he has come into contact with, admits that they must not be underrated.

They include, he says, a very great number of hardened soldiers of from six to twelve years' service, and, as an officer expressed it, "it is as if we were fighting against an army of non-commissioned officers."

Their equipment practical, their arms good and their discipline excellent. This last-named characteristic is especially borne out by English troops in captivity.—Reuter's Special.

## JACK TAR—CARPENTER.

British Sailors Who Are Interned in Holland Start a New Industry.

## CHAIRS FOR SALE.

(From Our Special Correspondent)

GRONINGEN, Dec. 26.—"All play and no work makes Jack a dull boy." This improvised maxim might be applied to the interned sailors here. There is a certain amount of work to do, and the men are doing their best to keep themselves fit and busy—but any scheme for providing cheerful occupation would be greatly welcomed.

Already a number of the sailors have started a small industry. It is a carpenter's shop where little knick-knacks such as pipe-racks, jewel and ring boxes, paper-cutters and clock cases are manufactured for sale as souvenirs.

When I visited the shop I found twenty men hard at work planing, sawing, polishing and turning out dozens of various fancy goods ordered by clients in this country. Many of the men have never done any carpentry before, but under tuition have soon learned the necessary. We can supply almost anything now," said the "Woodman" to me. "If a client wants a chair or a wooden cigarette case we can do it."

"We should be very grateful if our friends at home would give us orders. The proceeds of the shop are shared between us."

Orders should be sent to the Carpenters' Depot, care of the Commandant, Internering Depot, Groningen, Holland.

Although they are interned, the men at Groningen are allowed out in parties on parole in the town without guards. B. J. LAMB.

## BRUSH FOR A BALD MAN.

Comic Examples of "Misfit" Presents—Crossing Sweeper's Silk Hat.

Hundreds of thousands of kind-hearted people will this morning be receiving letters of thanks for "useful and acceptable" Christmas presents.

In many cases the presents will prove "useful and acceptable." But a very large proportion show a grotesque want of judgment on the part of the senders. Not many men than this Christmas found himself the recipient of a pipe when he can only "manage a cigarette." Shaving sets for men who cannot shave themselves, and in some cases for men who actually grow beards, were received in many households.

Here are other cases of curious "misfits":—

A brush and comb for a bald man who wears a wig.

An opera bag for a domestic servant.

A case of whisky for a testotter.

A packet of Spurgeon's sermons for a non-religious invalid.

A fancy waistcoat for a man several inches too small for him.

Shakespeare's works in small type for an old-age pensioner who can scarcely read a newspaper.

The victim of one of the most comical blunders this Christmas was a crossing sweeper to whom a sympathiser presented a silk hat.

## AN ARMY OF "NON-COMS."

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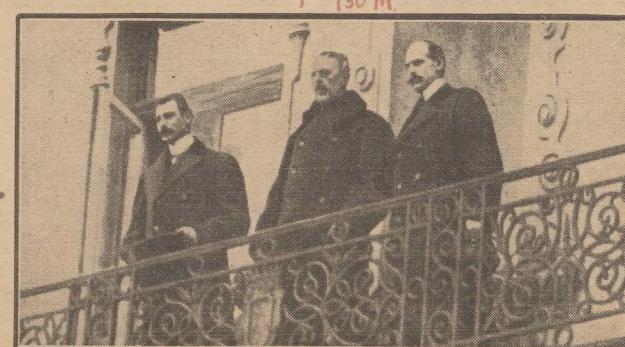
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## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

For England, S.E.—Changeable; some showers; fine intervals; colder.

P 130 M.



King Gustaf, with King Christian on his right and King Haakon on his left, outside the Residence Building at Malmö, where the meetings of the Kings of Norway, Sweden and Denmark took place.

## DEATH IN THE MIDST OF REJOICINGS.

Child Fatally Burned While Calling to Santa Claus.

## VICTIMS OF THE FOG.

Numerous tragedies—some due to the Christmas rejoicings and others the result of the fog that hung over the country—have occurred during the Yuletide holiday.

At Sheffield a young girl named Elsie Dobson was lighting a candle in a Chinese lantern on a Christmas tree when it burst into flames and enveloped her clothing. She was terribly burned, and her recovery is doubtful.

The dangerous practice of calling up the chimney to Santa Claus has resulted in the death at Hull of Louisa Sudbury, nine years of age. Her clothing caught fire and she was burnt to death.

Christmas rejoicings proved fatal to Hannah Louisa See, wife of Isaac See, a goods guard, of 9, Mount Pleasant, Bacup. She died suddenly after returning from a ball.

## DROWNED IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.

Many of the tragedies this Christmas were caused by the fog.

In the Black Country two young people went to meet a friend at the railway station, and all

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A duel by "The Willies," founded on the famous Holbein case, has been introduced in "The Chinese Honeymoon" on tour. Mr. Willie Iron Cross.

Three walked into the canal and were drowned. Two were sweethearts, and were found clasped in each other's arms.

## WATCHED WOMAN DROWNED.

A remarkable story of men watching a woman drown was told on Saturday at the Hackney coroner's court at an inquest on Sarah Brown, aged seventy-two years, of Clapton. She was drowned in the River Lee in the fog.

Henry Leverett, a general dealer, said he was returning home with the woman, who was ahead of him. Suddenly, he heard a splash. Below a cringle, he could not jump in to save her, but tried to reach her with his crutch.

Several men ran up, and he begged them to jump in and save her.

"But the cowards would not," he said. "Would to God I could have swum; she would be here; but they all stood and looked on and did nothing."

The jury returned a verdict of Accidentally Drowned.

## THE GREATEST TOUR OF MY LIFE.

"Every rehearsal will be a full dress performance, and we shall all bring back a lot of new business," said Mr. Seymour Hicks to *The Daily Mirror* as the train steamed out of Victoria which was to take the party of theatrical and music-hall stars to the front.

"We don't know where we are going, and perhaps it is not advisable that it should be known," he continued.

"But we hope to go wherever there are British soldiers along to amuse us."

It is the greatest tour of my life.

The party includes Mr. Seymour Hicks, Miss Ellinor Terriss, Miss Gladys Cooper, Mr. Will Frame, Miss Ivy St. Helier, Mr. Will Van Allen, Mr. Eli and Miss Olga Hudson and Mr. Ben Davies.

## BUY YOUR GLOVES NOW.

Sensible women will lay in a good stock of gloves, which will shortly become very much more expensive.

"We are paying already 6d. and 7d. more a pair for our leather gloves wholesale," a West End hosier told *The Daily Mirror*. "Many of the skins for English-made gloves have been brought hither from Austria, and are therefore now unobtainable."

# BRITISH SEA AND AIR RAID ON GERMAN COAST

**Christmas Day Surprise  
Off Heligoland and  
at Cuxhaven.**

**SEAPLANES' BOMB ATTACK  
ON GERMAN FLEET.**

**Undaunted and 'Saucy' Arethusa  
Easily Drive Off Two  
Zepplins.**

**SIX OF OUR SEVEN PILOTS  
RETURN SAFELY.**

**Cruisers Spend Three Hours in  
Enemy Waters—Submarines  
Rescue Three Airmen.**

The British Navy gave the Germans a dramatic surprise by sea and air on Christmas Day. On that day there raged off Heligoland a battle in which Zeppelins, submarines and seaplanes of both sides, and oil-driven cruisers took part, and thus made history as the most naval fight of the ages.

The chief points of this audacious raid by our sailors and sailor-airmen are:—

**The Undaunted and the Arethusa with their guns easily drove off two Zeppelins.**

Seven British seaplanes attacked German warships in roads of Cuxhaven, the great naval port.

Six airmen returned safely, the seventh, Flight Commander Francis E. T. Hewlett, is missing.

Four of the seaplanes are lost.

All our airmen's bombs were dropped on points of military significance.

No damage was done to our ships.

Despite the presence of submarines, Zeppelins and seaplanes, our ships remained for three hours off the German coast, waiting to pick up air pilots on their return, and none of the Kaiser's famous "scoot-and-shoot" cruisers ventured out to give battle.

Berlin telegrams to Amsterdam state that great excitement prevails throughout Germany, and that the damage done has been "strictly hushed up."

The German public, too, are very angry that our cruisers should have found their way "so easily" through the German mine field.

Cuxhaven stands on the extremity of the left bank of the Elbe estuary, and is reputed to be the most strongly fortified spot on the whole of the German North Sea coast.

Another dashing airfeat was carried out by Squadron Commander Richard B. Davies, who dropped twelve bombs on a German airship shed in Brussels on Christmas Eve, and six of the bombs are believed to have reached their mark.

Germany, indeed, is having a thorough taste of what hostile aircraft can do, for yesterday's official statement from Paris tells of a successful raid by the Allies' aeroplanes on the airship sheds and barracks at the fortress of Metz.

**DARING CHRISTMAS DAY  
DASH ON CUXTAVEN.**

Seaplanes, Escorted by Warships, Attack German Ships Off Great Naval Sea Port.

The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement:—

"On Friday, the 25th instant, German warships lying in Schillig Roads, off Cuxhaven, were attacked by seven naval seaplanes piloted by the following officers:—

- "Flight Commander Douglas A. Oliver.
- "Flight Commander Francis E. T. Hewlett.
- "Flight Commander Robert P. Ross.
- "Flight Commander Cecil F. Kinner.
- "Flight Lieutenant Arnold J. Miley.
- "Flight Lieutenant Charles H. K. Edmonds.
- "Flight Sub-Lieutenant Vivian Gaskell Blackburn.

The attack was delivered at daylight, starting from a point in the vicinity of Heligoland.

The seaplanes were escorted by a light cruiser and destroyer force, together with submarines. As soon as these ships were seen by the Germans from Heligoland two Zeppelins, three or four hostile seaplanes and several hostile submarines appeared.

It was necessary for the British ships to remain in the neighbourhood in order to pick up the returning airmen, and a naval combat ensued between the most modern cruisers on the one hand and the enemy's aircraft and submarines on the other.

"By swift manœuvring the enemy's subs-marines were avoided and the two Zeppelins were easily put to flight by the guns of the Un-danted and Arethusa.

"The enemy's seaplanes succeeded in dropping their bombs near to our ships, though without hitting any.

"The British ships remained for three hours off the enemy's coast without being molested by any surface vessel, and safely re-embarked three out of the seven airmen with their machines.

"Three other pilots who returned later were picked up according to arrangement, by British seaplanes which were standing by, their machines being sunk.

"Six out of the seven pilots, therefore, re-turned safely. Flight Commander Francis E. T. Hewlett, R.N., is, however, missing.

"His machine was seen in a wrecked condition about eight miles from Heligoland, and at the fate of this daring and skilful pilot is at present unknown.

"The extent of the damage by the British airmen's bombs cannot be estimated, but all were discharged on points of military significance."

To the above Admiralty message is also attached the following statement:—

"On Thursday last, Squadron Commander Richard B. Davies, R.N., of the Naval Air Service, visited Brussels in a Maurice-Farman bi-

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FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT C. H. K. EDMONDS.

plane for the purpose of dropping twelve bombs on an airship shed, reported to contain a German Parseval.

"Eight of these bombs, of which six are believed to have hit, were discharged at the first attack, and the remaining four on the return flight.

## THE ARETHUSA AGAIN.

The Arethusa, which bore the brunt of the fight in the battle of the Heligoland Bight on August 28, is a very fast light cruiser of 3,520 tons displacement.

Her speed is thirty knots, and she is armed with two 6-in. and six 4-in. guns. The Undaunted is a sister ship.

## MOTHER'S FLYING PUPIL.

Flight Commander Hewlett is the son of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the famous novelist.

His mother holds the Aero Club's certificate, and it was she who taught him to fly, the lessons being given at Brooklands.

He passed the tests required of a naval airman in 1911.

## WRECKED IN SEAPLANE.

Flight Commander Oliver had a narrow escape from death in October, 1913, when he was wrecked off Cromarty in a seaplane.

The machine crumpled up and plunged beneath the water, taking the pilot down with it. He, however, with great presence of mind succeeded in getting clear.

In May, 1914, in an accident Mr. Winston Churchill was to have made a flight with Lieutenant Oliver. With the same pilot he had ascended a day or two before to a height of 3,000ft.

## NINETY-MILE-AN-HOUR MAN.

Squadron Commander R. B. Davies was one of the two British airmen; the other was Lieutenant-Commander F. L. M. Boothby who in June were reported to be at Berbara (British

Somaliland) conducting investigations as to the feasibility of using an airship against the Mad Mullah.

In September, 1913, he distinguished himself by making a cross-country flight of 120 miles in 110 minutes—a speed of over ninety miles an hour.

Flight-Commander R. P. Ross and Flight-Lieutenant A. J. Miley are both attached to the ship, in which, somewhat significantly, Mr. Ernestine Childers, author of "The Story of the Sands," is serving as a lieutenant of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Flight-Sub-Lieutenant V. G. Blackburn is serving temporarily in the Naval Air Service, and is attached to the Yarmouth Air Station.

## GERMANS "HUSHING UP" RAID DAMAGE.

Public Angry at Ease with Which Our Cruisers Negotiated Mine-Fields.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 27.—Berlin telegrams state that the British attack on Cuxhaven caused the greatest excitement throughout the empire.

The damage done by the British hydroplanes is strictly hushed up. The German daily reports that the British have suffered no serious consequences of the attack are believed to be great.

The general impression in Germany is that the British Navy wishes to retaliate for the East Coast raids, and begin a series of policy of maritime aerial attacks which are bound to bring about an early and decisive naval engagement.

There is considerable criticism among the German public of the inefficiency of the minefield in the German bight, through which the British cruisers so easily made their way.—Exchange Special.

## FLYING MEN ATTACK METZ AIRCRAFT SHEDS.

Germans Driven from Their Trenches by Allies' Heavy Bombardment.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

"Between the sea and the Lys the day passed calmly, with only intermittent cannonading.

"Between the Lys and the Oise there is nothing to report.

"In the valley of the Aisne and in the Champagne country there was an artillery duel.

"In the region of Perthes the enemy, after a violent bombardment directed against the trenches which he had lost, counter-attacked directly afterwards, but was at once repulsed by our artillery and infantry fire.

## RAVINE BOMBARED.

"We have bombarded a ravine where the enemy has evacuated several trenches.

"Between the Meuse and Moselle, to the east of St. Mihiel, French attacks against a redoubt in the Bois Brûlé were repulsed.

"A dirigible has thrown ten bombs upon Nancy in the middle of the town, without any result.

"Our aeroplanes, on the contrary, have bombed the aircraft sheds at Frescaty, and the railway stations at Metz, where the movements of military trains were reported, and the barracks of St. Privat at Metz.

In Upper Alsace our troops have made fresh progress on the heights which dominate Cernay, and have repulsed some attacks there.—Exchange.

## GERMAN ATTACKS FAIL.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—The following official communiqué was issued this evening:—

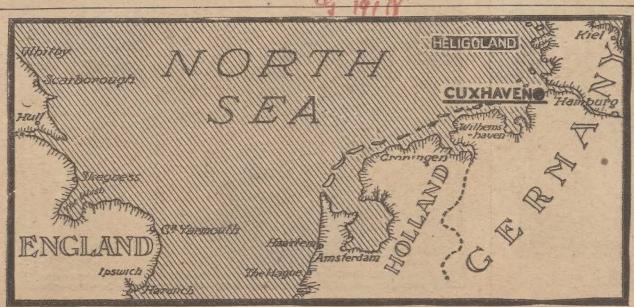
"The enemy, after directing a heavy artillery and mortars fire all last night against our troops posted at La Boisselle and in the adjoining trenches, delivered two consecutive attacks with out any success.

Saint Die was violently bombarded between 9.30 this morning and noon.—Reuter.

## ZEPPELIN WRECKED BY ALLIES.

ROSENDALEN, Dec. 27.—It is rumoured here that a Zeppelin sighted over Nieuport in the morning, was shot at by the Allies, and all the occupants were killed in the debris of the airship as it descended.—Exchange Special.

9-1914



Map showing Cuxhaven, the scene of the raid on the German coast by British ships and seaplanes.

## WARSAW AS KAISER'S "CITY OF PROMISE."

Huns Fail Though Hypnotised by Vision of Iron Crosses and Gold.

## BIG AUSTRIAN DEFEAT.

Desperate fighting continues in Poland, where great battles are still raging.

"With magnificent spirit the Russians have repulsed all the German attacks.

Against the Austrians, who are in full retreat, the Russians have gained notable victories, capturing in all 10,000 prisoners and eighteen guns.

The capture of Warsaw is, of course, the German dream. To spur on his troops the Kaiser is said to have made Warsaw a kind of "land of promise."

"Take Warsaw by Christmas and you will be home at the New Year. Every soldier will receive an Iron Cross and a piece of gold." That was the bribe.

Warsaw, however, is still uncaptured, but the titanic struggle continues with unabated fury.

## 10,000 PRISONERS.

PERPIGRAD, Dec. 27.—The following communiqué from the General Staff is issued here-to-day:—

During yesterday the fighting on the lines of the Rivers Bzura and Rawa was limited on the whole to an artillery duel.

Various German attacks were successfully repelled.

On the Lower Nida we dislodged on the evening of the 25th from the village of Vistula the Austrians, who made an obstinate resistance and attempted to entrench themselves on the left bank of the Nida.

We then drove the Austrians to the other side of this river.

South of the Upper Vistula in the Sowina region we repulsed on the 25th the Austrians from the line Tuchow-Olpiny. The enemy abandoned ten quick-firing guns, forty-three officers and more than 2,500 men.

On the following day we confined the pursuit of the Austrians, who retired in disorder.

We captured eight machine-guns and about 1,000 German prisoners, and we occupied near the Siedlitzka the left bank of the Biala.

In the direction of Dukla in the fighting of the 25th and yesterday the Austrians were repulsed from the line Zmigrad-Dukla, and they are in full retreat.

During the last battles in this district the Austrians suffered enormous losses, leaving in our hands as prisoners 10,000 men.—Reuter.

## GERMANS OCCUPY MLAVA.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—This afternoon's communiqué says:—

"Russia—The Germans, who had resumed their march on Mlava, have reoccupied this town."

On the Middle Pilitz the battle continues with great obstinacy, and the same is happening on the Lower Nida.

Along the entire Galician front the struggle is developing under conditions favourable for the Russians.—Reuter.

## EVERY MAN HIS CROSS.

PARIS, Dec. 26.—With regard to the fierce but fruitless attempts by the Germans to reach Warsaw, the war correspondent of the *Russkoye Slovo Nemirovitch Danchenko* says the German authorities believed that the loss of Warsaw would compel Russia to conclude a separate peace.

The Kaiser simply hypnotised his soldiers with the idea, and even the German prisoners believed that Warsaw would be in German hands by Christmas.

Every soldier was promised in Warsaw an Iron Cross and a piece of gold.—Central News.

## AIR BOMB DROPPED BY SHEERNESS RAIDER?

Fragments of Metal Found in Huge Hole in the Ground Near Rochester.

That a bomb of some description was dropped by the enemy airman who came over Kent on Christmas Day seems proved by the following facts:—

At a spot in the neighbourhood of Cliffe, about five miles from Rochester, and on the Kent side of the Thames, an explosion excavated a large hole about 12ft. in depth and several yards in circumference in the roadway.

The spot is some distance from any habitation or buildings.

Search was made in the neighbourhood, and a quantity of scraps of metal was discovered, together with a metal handle with a loop in the centre, which was identified.

These have been forwarded to Chatham, and are now in the possession of the police.

A big hole in a bank was dug out and a shell was discovered about 3in. in circumference and about 7in. in length.

This apparently was fired at the aeroplane, but did not explode.

## SLEEPING BEAUTY AWAKES AT DRURY LANE.

P. 12669 G

P. 12669 G



Mr. Wallis, Auriol, and Miss Ferne Rogers, Princess.

Mr. George Graves as the Duke.

"Sleeping Beauty—Beautified" is the title of the pantomime at Drury Lane this year, and the present is quite the most successful version of the story which Mr. Arthur Collins has yet given us. Little Miss Renée Mayer is once again Puck, while Mr. George Graves and Mr. Will Evans have invented some new comic scenes.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

STARS OFF TO FRONT.

P. 325 B



Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks and Miss Gladys Cooper smiling good-bye to their friends as they leave with other artists for France, where they will entertain our soldiers at various camps.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



Mr. Bertram Wallis plays the principal boy Auriol and looks well in quaint costumes.



Little Miss Renée Mayer as the delightful fairy Puck is very charming.



Mr. Will Evans as Pompos and Mr. George Graves as the Duke of Monte Blanco.

## “BABY NO TROUBLE”

Mrs. E. Cherrett, Cape Town, South Africa, writes, August 21st, 1914:

"When my baby was five days of age I gave him Gripe Water, and I gave it him every day until nine months old. At eight months he could stand alone, at nine months he could walk alone. He is now 19 months old and can speak and understand at night, and can talk Dutch and English a little. I have to thank your wonderful Gripe Water for many a good night's rest, and more than one of my friends say the same. In the country where the doctor is so far off it is a comfort to have it."

## WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

A perfectly safe and sure remedy, containing no preparation of Morphia, Opium or other harmful drug, and having behind it a long record of Medical Approval.

For all Chemists & Stores, price 1s. 1d.

BEWARE OF DANGEROUS IMITATIONS.

Registered Trade Mark: "GRIPE WATER."

SEND nine penny stamps to Newball & Mason, Nottingham, and they will send you a bottle of

## Mason's Ginger Wine Essence

which makes

## One Gallon Ginger Wine

with the addition of lump sugar.

All who apply before January 15th will receive a Neat Money Box, which makes a Useful Gift for the Children.

## W. J. HARRIS &amp; CO., Ltd.

The MASCOT. Complete with Apron 45/-

Wired-on Tyres.

Carriage Paid. Crate Free.

No extras whatever.

All kinds on Easy Terms.

Catalogue No. 1 Post Free.

51. RYE LANE, LONDON, S.E.

And Numerous Branches.

"Everything  
but the meat."

## TRY THE BISTO WAY

of preparing tastier and more nourishing dishes. Bisto means economy at every meal.

**BISTO**

The Gravy Maker.

All Grocers. Tins 6d., 3d. Packets 1d.



## DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

WILL YOU HELP THE LARGEST FAMILY OF ORPHAN AND DESITUTE CHILDREN IN THE WORLD?

7,500 CHILDREN,

WITH THANK-OFFERING FOR THE COMFORTS YOU HAVE ENJOYED THIS CHRISTMAS-TIME?

10/- maintains the vast work for one minute.

Give yourself the joy of feeling that for at least one minute you are bearing upon yourself the total burden of Dr. Barnardo's work.

Kindly mark donations "Daily Mirror Xmas Gift." Cheques and Orders payable to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes" and Post Office Savings Bank, Liverpool, or to the Secretary, WILLIAM BAKER, M.A., LL.B., 18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.

# Daily Mirror

MONDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1914.

## MORE RUMOURISM.

We FELT pretty sure that the Rumourist would not succeed in keeping quiet over Christmas. Christmas being notably *der Tag*—a great occasion—is by consequence an obvious opportunity for stirring events. Therefore it is a chaotic time of mounds.

Nothing very big, however—scarcely even a bomb or two—seemed likely to happen this Christmas, either at home or at the front. So the Rumourist said in his, or, more often, her heart: "I'll teach them to keep quiet and patch up a little marred happiness for the one day. I'll spread a little Rumourism. I'll wake 'em up."

On Christmas Eve then, duly embattled in war array, you see the Rumourist advancing with tragic face and subtle whisper of the lowered voice. He begins and throws the whole bomb right at you: "Have you heard what they say?"

"No, what?" (Your heart stops beating.)

"There's been a landing."

"Where? By whom?" (Your face flushes.)

"Here in England of course, you idiot. A landing of Germans."

"But where in England?"

"I don't know. You expect me to know everything. Perhaps at St. Kilda."

"But that's in Scotland, isn't it? And what would be the use of their landing at St. Kilda?"

"Well, it may have been near Cardiff."

"The rumour seems a bit vague as to locality."

"You're just like an Englishman—self-satisfied, egotistic! Will you never wake up? They are at our gates and you still sleep."

"I shall wait till the rumour is confirmed."

Confirmed it never was. Confirmed it never will be—that particular rumour; because it never happened. The War Office discreetly received it—refused to deny it, but failed to confirm it. The not denying of it, and the fact that many men had leave cancelled, was enough to rumouise it. It spread. It mobilised. It was afoot and afloat early. It was believed in by the timid. It frightened and hurt the anxious. A new triumph for the Rumourist . . .

The Rumourist always thinks he holds the sacred task of "waking us all up."

But there is a danger before him. He will go on and on rumourising until at last, as in the fable, his fatuities will fall on the deaf. No one will heed him. His bombs, periodically exploding, will resemble the five o'clock Taubes of Paris in their inability to harm . . .

Then one day there may be a landing. There may be a raid.

In that day—*der Tag*—the Rumourist will shout in vain. Nobody will believe one who has lied so often, so continuously, since the war began. Then will the Rumourist pose as a martyr and say "I told you so!" and gain the halo of patriotism. W. M.

## IN MY GARDEN.

Dec. 27.—All tender subjects will now need protecting. Dwarf roses should have some light sandy soil heaped round their stems; standards can have bracken or straw twined round the short stems; and the last layer of material over rose beds, although this is often done.

Frames containing cuttings, violets and sweet peas should be covered with warm mats during frosty weather. Tender perennials can be protected by laying evergreen branches over them. Rare rockery plants should be covered with sheets of glass, since damp, and not frost, is generally the cause of their failure to survive the winter. E. F. T.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Then that have dipped their hands in any little difficulty should be very mindful of the case of them that have. And that is the good Christianity—Stevenson.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### FROM THE FRONT.

I HAVE just read one of your *Daily Mirrors*, which I always like to get hold of, but we rarely have the chance where we are. In one dated December 5 I happened to read about Lord Kitchener's army complaining of their huts not being fit to live in.

They are lucky boys to be in England at all, I think, as when they get here they will often think of Salisbury Plain as their best home. Perhaps if they were here they might be able to say a few words, but we all know what we are here for, and we are doing our very utmost for our King and country and our houses without grumbling.

A good few of those at home are having a few days' leave at Christmas. We are looking forward to our holiday later on—that is, when the war is over. I would like you to have this

respect" if they deserve it, but as to being looked down upon, I do not suppose the average business man "looks up" more to his typist than he "looks down" on his servant. B.

### "HERR VON KULTURGESCHICHTE."

IT IS TRUE that Germany has contributed to scholarship, but mainly in the purblind mole-digging manner associated with all her professors.

German scholarship rarely has shown the fidelity of French and English scholarship in the grasp of the whole is denied them. One wades through a forest of facts and loses oneself. And the conclusions drawn by the German mind out of a mountain of facts are generally as cranky and wrong-headed as the absurd assumptions which, in the intellectual sphere, lead them to encourage and countenance their

## BRITAIN AT WAR.

Crackers and Cakes for the Soldiers and Belgian Refugees.

### AT THE WHITE CITY.

MAY I through your columns thank the many kind readers of *The Daily Mirror* and other friends who so generously responded to our appeal for the Christmas tea at the White City?

For always holly, crackers and cakes poured in. And the best holly, the best crackers and the best cakes—beautiful plum cakes, sugar cakes with almond paste, cakes decorated with robins or chocolate horses, or ships in full sail. The crackers were the best of their kind, red, white and blue, with frills, musical instruments inside.

One box of crackers was sent by a little girl who had given up her own Christmas tea to please the soldiers.

Up to the last moment we were a little doubtful how many men to expect—that is to say, whether 2,000 or 6,000 or none would come. Rather a problem for anxious hosts—especially as each time we counted the cakes they came out different!

However, all went well. Some thousands came and the cakes were round and left enough for supper. It was a very busy tea party. One detachment of ladies did nothing but fill dishes of jam from huge jam pots the weapons being very small spoons, which got lost inside the jars and made inside the tank a very jammie one indeed. But it was a very nice party, too.

The soldier boys were all perfectly delightful and very merry, for if a few became a little downcast by thoughts of home, they were soon cheered up again, for though in a strange place they were not among strangers on this very real Christmas Day. G. E. J.

The White City.

### BELGIANS TO DINNER.

WE, TOO, entertained some very nice Belgians to dinner, but I did not find that they asked awkward questions or became unsympathetic over the cooking.

According to them, the greatest difficulty is the language one.

No one with whom they are staying speaks French, and they speak very little English. They were kind enough to say that it was a delight to them to be with people who spoke French.

From much conversation with Belgians of late I gather that the war surprised them as much as it did any nation opposed to war-loving Germany. Their relations with the Germans were so cordial! "Why, many of us had married Germans." Now there is a gulf between the two nations.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN, Kensington Palace-mansions, W.

### AN INCREASING FAMILY.

WE OUGHT to do all we can for our Belgian friends—that is agreed. I volunteered to entertain two, and two came and took up residence with me. But it was not long before they told me that two little children of the brother—at the front—of one of them would soon be in England, and would I please entertain them also.

Consequently I would, though it was a difficulty to find room.

But what was my surprise to find, when the children came, that their mother and an old lady, her mother, came too. I am now more than full up, and I cannot help wondering if any more relations are expected before the end of the war.

I hope not, but I dare not refuse them if they come. E. W.

A Surrey Village.

*"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.*

## THE WILLIES' CHRISTMAS DINNER DISAPPOINTMENT

THE STATE OF HAPPY AND CONTENTED REPLETION IN WHICH THE WILLIES HAD EXPECTED TO BE AFTER XMAS



It was to have been an immense European "blow-out"—a gobbling up of all the smaller and bigger nations. So far, it is a meal of emptiness and air. (By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

printed in your paper to let our boys in England read it. Wishing you and all your readers and your paper a Merry Christmas.

A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

WHY waste time in discussing whether short-hand typists are superior to domestic servants in war time?

I was very anxious at your correspondent's letter. It is very plain to see that she has had little experience of servants, or she would know that the good-education servant, educated and she is better groomed as a rule, and has a more wholesome outlook on life. "Short-hand Typist," says she knows how to treat a servant. I suppose she means that in her idea she condescends to say "Good morning" to the servant instead of turning up her nose as she might do, the typist's position being so much more important.

At least, what is the difference between one working woman and another of these two types? They both have—to quote her words—to obey implicitly.

They are both—to quote again—"treated with

fellow-countrymen in the crime and folly of this or all sides. But sometimes I wish it could be made clear how many of them one is required to help.

I volunteered to entertain two, and two came and took up residence with me. But it was not long before they told me that two little children of the brother—at the front—of one of them would soon be in England, and would I please entertain them also.

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E. W.

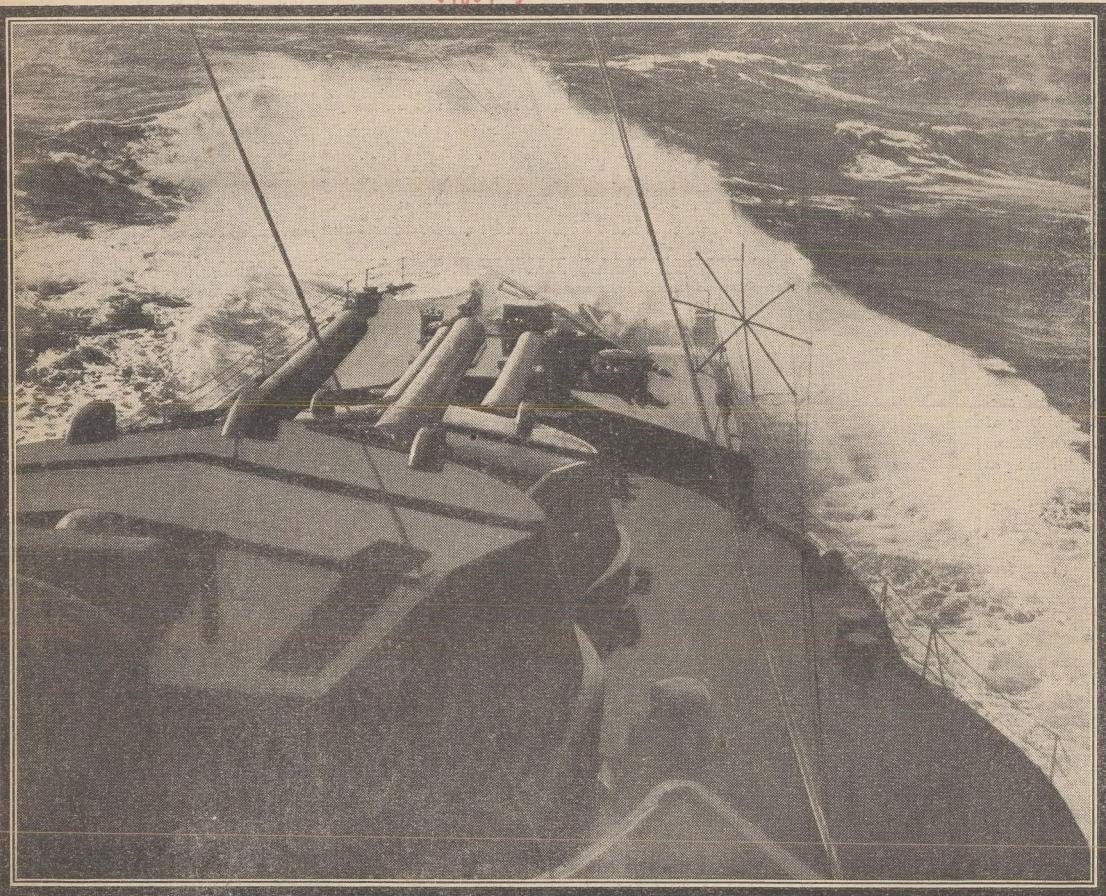
A Surrey Village.

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## BRITAIN'S GRAND BATTLE FLEET AT SEA : FIRST PHOTOGR

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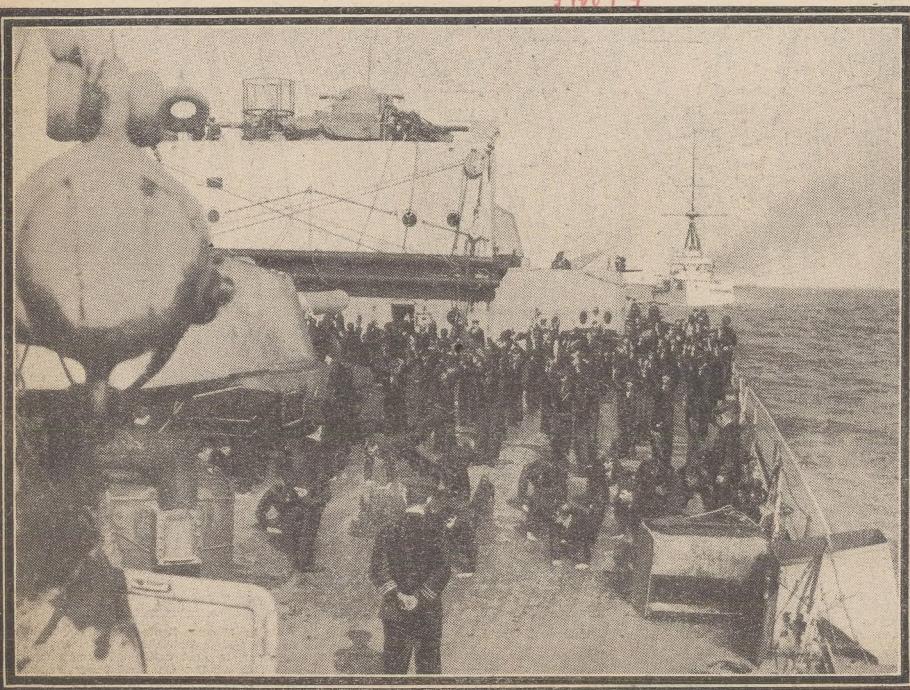


Rough weather in the North Sea. Taken from the flagship.

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The

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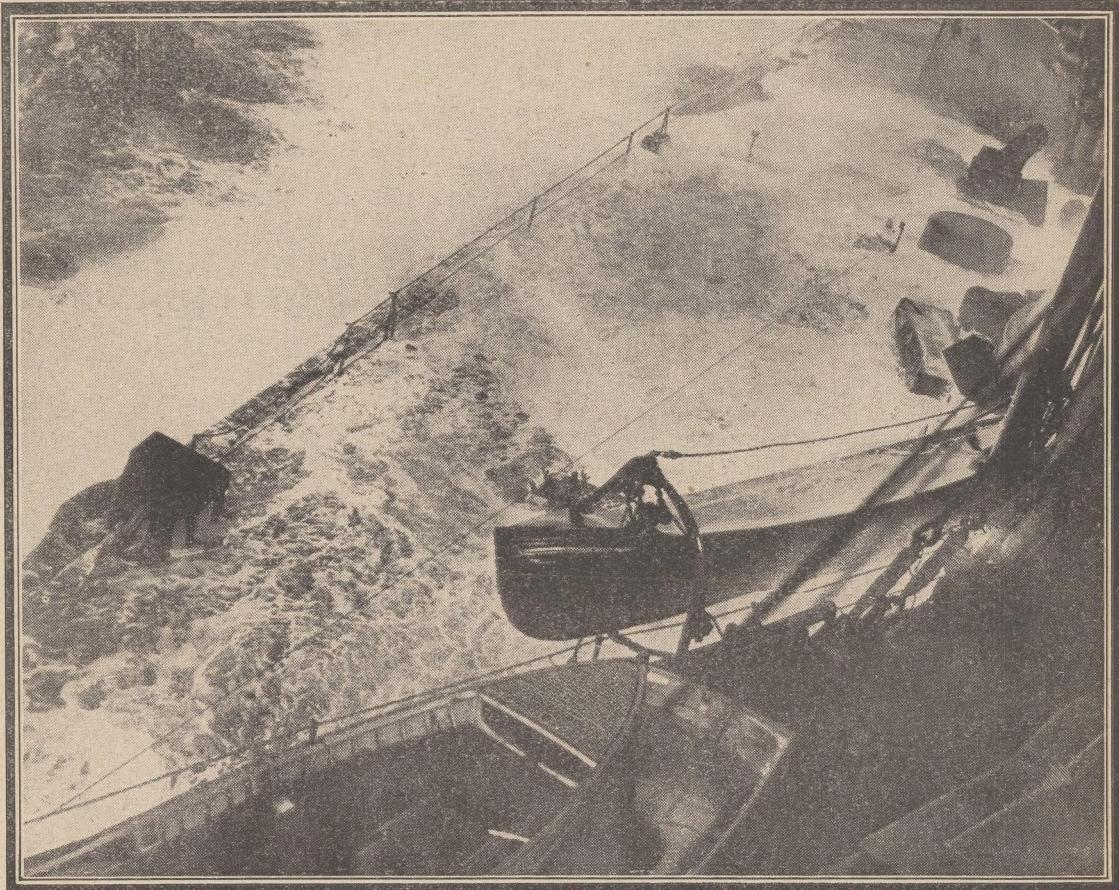
How our sailors keep fit on the flagship.



Officers

## TO REACH HOME OF THE EMPIRE'S FIRST FIGHTING LINE.

91504

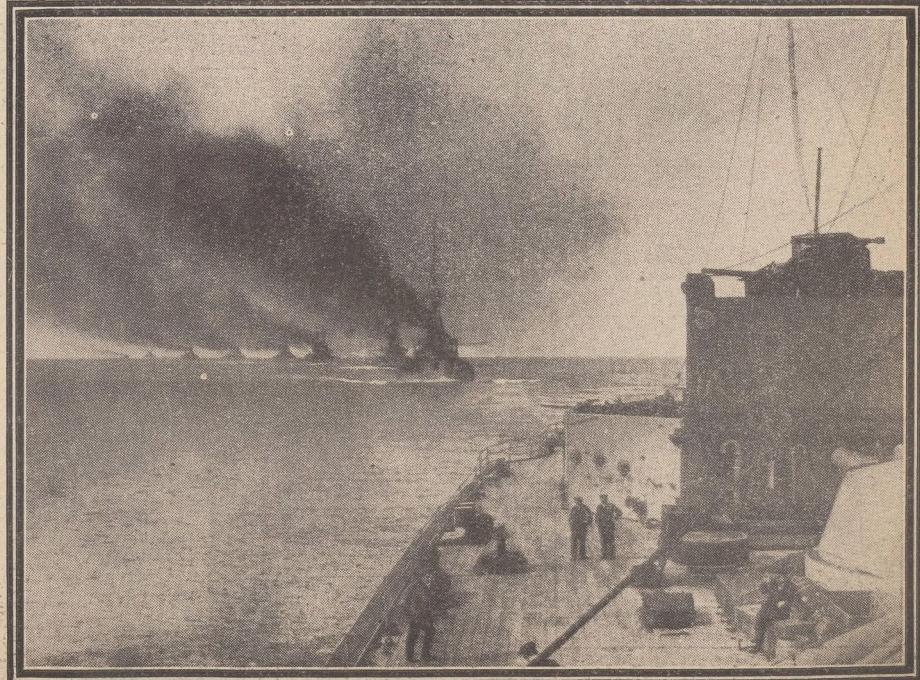


Rough weather. The flagship awash.

91710



e flagship.



Portion of the Grand Fleet line astern.

# Peter Robinson's WINTER SALE

Commences To-Morrow

A GREAT EVENT at which unparalleled sacrifices are being made in all sections throughout the house



BARGAIN 2.  
Very smartly-cut free-  
hip-bone Model. Sizes  
21-30ins. **Regular**  
price 18/-  
**Sale Price** 10/6



BARGAIN 3.  
Attractive free-hip-bone  
Model. Sizes 19-30ins. White  
Contil. **Regular price**  
10/6. **Sale Price** 8/11

## ATTRACTIVE REDUCTIONS IN Royal Worcester Corsets



BARGAIN 4.  
Dainty Model for slender  
figures. Sizes 19-26ins.  
White contil. **Regular**  
price 5/11  
**Sale Price** 4/11



BARGAIN 1.  
This season's slashed-front Model.  
Sizes 21-32ins. White contil.  
**Regular price** 16/11.  
**Sale Price** 12/11



BARGAIN 5.  
Smart free-hip-bone  
Model. Sizes 19-30ins.  
White contil. **Regular**  
price 8/11.  
**Sale Price** 6/11

## "Stop Press" Sale News.

### 46 Four-and-a-half Guinea GOWNS at 40/-

We illustrate three specimens from a lot of 46 Model Gowns—no two are alike—but each one in the lot is quite as smart as the three shown.

Se. 1.—Evening Gown of sky satin and coral Nimon.  
**Worth** 9/10.  
**Now** 40/-

Se. 2.—Semi-evening Gown in black Charmeuse.  
**Worth** 9/4/6.  
**Sale Price** 40/-

Se. 3.—Evening Gown in pink Charmeuse, with Nimon tunic, trimmed silk rose petals.  
**Worth** 9/4/6.  
**Sale Price** 40/-

Peter Robinson Ltd., Oxford Street



THE DAILY MIRROR

# DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON HIGH STREET LONDON W

## WINTER SALE

Begins TO-DAY and continues throughout JANUARY

## Special Bargains in FURS

15 Original Model Coats, many of which were 49, 55 & 59 gns, are to be cleared at 25 gns. each.

They include a luxurious example in **Natural Black Musquash**, 52in. long; usually 50 gns. 25 gns. Also 2 original Models in **Seal Musquash**, of skins so silky and light in weight and shape so delightfully chic, that the price merely enhances the interest they would otherwise create. Reduced from 50 gns. to 25 gns. Various Models in **Civet Cat**, **Leopard Rat**, **Saintonge Seal** and **Black Kid** with **Fox Collars**. One Model is in **Sable Squash**, and this season's price was 49 gns. Another is in softest and richest **Dutch Mole**, with wide floral border—the petals of the design being made with the same fur; ordinary price 50 gns. Also a truly regal new Model Coat in **Persian Lamb**, 52in. long, very flat, bright, tight-curl skins of extreme lightness; ordinary price 60 gns.

**ALL TO BE CLEARED AT (EACH) 25 gns.**

15 Natural Sable Colour Musquash Coats in dark skins of exceptional fullness, medium length. Ordinary price 7 gns.  
**Sale Price** 79/6

27 Seal Coney Coats, various lengths in all the new shapes introduced this season. The skins are of exceedingly fine quality, soft, full and luxuriantly brilliant. Ordinary prices 8/- 9/- and 10/- gns. **All to be cleared at 5 gns.** Introduced this lot of 5 Sable Marmot Coats reduced from 14 gns. to 5 gns.

9 Black Russian Ponyskin Coats, in various new shapes of featherweight skins, full of brilliant marking. Lined Silk. Ordinary prices 8/- and 10/- gns. **All to be cleared at 4½ gns.**

3 medium length Russian Ponyskin Coats of bright rich skins—flat pattern and soft—  
**Sale Price** 45/- Ordinary price 5 gns.

## Stoles and Muffs.

17 Sets of **Natural Fox**, superbly rich full skins of quite exceptional beauty. Single skin stole cut wide and deep across shoulders. Usual price 4/- gns.  
**To be cleared at (the Set) 29/6**

3 Mongolian Black Wolf Stoles of wonderfully soft, light and silky skins, shaped deep at back and over shoulders. **Sale Price** 3½ gns. Ordinary price 7 gns.

10 Old Stoles in Persian Paw, Seal Coney, Mouton, Foxoline, etc. Ordinary prices 21/9, 29/6, 39/6, 49/6.  
**All to be cleared at (Each) 10/-**

14 Natural Musquash wide straight Stoles in exceedingly good quality skins. 30in. long, 40in. wide. Ordinary price 4/- gns.  
**Sale Price** 35/-

## The New Fur Cuirasse

An officer home from the Front on a few hours' leave made the following remark in our Fur Department: "Out of the hundreds of presents our fellows have received, this Fur Cuirasse is the only one of any real sense."

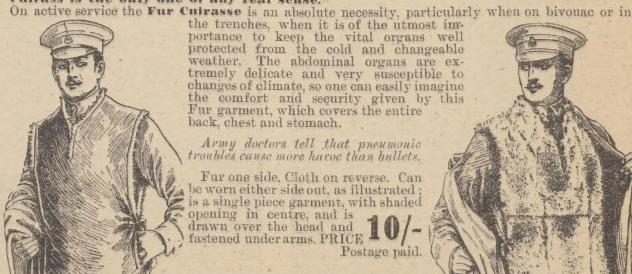
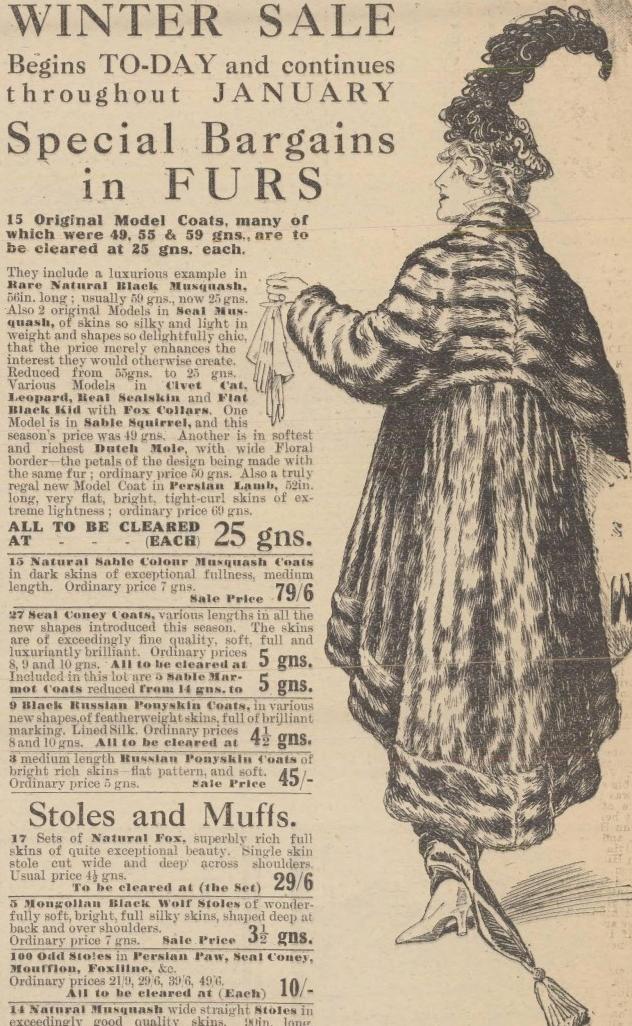
On active service the Fur Cuirasse is an absolute necessity, particularly when on bivouac or in the trenches, when it is of the utmost importance to keep the vital organs well protected from the cold and changeable weather. The abdominal organs are extremely delicate and very susceptible to change of climate and one can easily imagine the comfort and security given by this Fur garment, which covers the entire back, chest and stomach.

Army doctors tell that phrenic trouble causes more havoc than bullets.

Fur on one side, Cloth on reverse. Can be worn either side out, as illustrated; is a single piece garment, with shaded opening in centre and is drawn over the head and fastened under arms. PRICE 10/- Postage paid.

In FUR Department on Ground Floor.

REVERSIBLE CUIRASSE worn with Fur side out.



# THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.



"Love looks  
not with  
the eyes,  
but with  
the mind."

## New Readers Begin Here.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN**, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, is with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

**VALERIE CRAVEN**, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

**JOHN HILLIER**, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

**STANHOPE LANE**, a "smart" man about town whose sense of honour is a very elastic one where his own desires are concerned.

**SIR GEORGE CLAIR**, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN**, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, is being pestered by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe. As he speaks, he catches hold of the girl's wrists.

They are seen by Mrs. Cunliffe, who is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy.

"I have no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives.

On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with a steely eye and a cold, strong face. With a little childish impatience, Sylvia goes to it and brushes her lips across the glass.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been married to a woman named for her.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away, she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them she suddenly recognises as Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

With a cry of agony, Sylvia runs to John Hillier. As she reads his heart sickens within her.

John Hillier has been blinded by a blinding operation, and his work-a-day life is finished.

Sylvia sits there, frozen with horror and pain. John Hillier blinks and smiles.

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swift-winged into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give him—she knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need know."

Sylvia goes out to India, and passes herself off as Valerie.

Hillier believes her to be Valerie, and the deception kept him in India until Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and finds that there is something to live for after all. A week or two passes, and they are married very quietly.

As she returns to the bungalow after the ceremony she finds a letter from Mr. Stanhope Lane, in which she says that she is on her way out to India to find John Hillier! The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That evening dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister came out to India. Later Valerie tells her that she must speak to her privately the next day, and asks her to attend a certain party.

The next thing is that Sylvia insists in the room where Hillier is, and falls in a dead faint, and Valerie is found dead in the ruins of the bungalow, apparently strangled by a fit of rage.

The Hilliers leave India and arrive in England, where John Hillier, having taken up the title, they live at Greysbythe, the beautiful old family house. A day or two later Sylvia is startled to find that her husband has engaged a room at Stanhope Lane. When he arrives he shows no recognition.

Dr. Marazoff, the famous oculist, sees Hillier, and Hillier goes to London for an operation.

### AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

Very slowly Sylvia Hillier crossed the courtyard and mounted the flight of wide steps that led to the porticoed front of the British Museum. The flock of pigeons that had scattered at her first approach hovered and settled here and there upon the steps, expectant, craning their slender necks that gleamed in the bright sunlight.

As she pushed back the heavy swing doors a clock chimed somewhere in the distance, and she paused there in the double porch beneath

the glass doors to listen and count the sonorous strokes as though she expected some miracle to have been wrought and the hands of Time to have pushed on during the short space it had taken her to walk there.

Eleven o'clock. No miracle had occurred.

At half past twelve o'clock would she know the first and immediate result of the operation that even now was being performed on Jack's eyes? An hour of waiting, an hour of suspense so keen and poignant, that surely it would have been best spent by an anxious wife upon her knees.

But for the comfort of prayer was not possible. She seemed to have set up a barrier of love between herself and Heaven. Every moment of her life since that night when she had obeyed the impulse of those hurrying pulses that had broken out "Go" as she stood weeping before the glass door had been a tacit lie.

The thought rose up bitterly in her heart, beyond the power of remorse or forgiveness, in this moment when the life of the man she loved hung in the balance.

All the evil that her lie had wrought rose up acutely against her... Jack's ruined life, for what would restore sight bring him but shame and disappointment... Valerie's life that had ended so untimely, so mysteriously...

Great and foreboding wrapped her about in a cloak of flame as she went slowly into the big, dingy building that houses London's treasures. She hardly knew what to do, and when she saw that she only knew that the conventional rooms of the temple were unendurable, the teeming streets, with the curious, staring faces of passers-by, terrified and bewildered her, and that these all but empty galleries offered her a place of refuge.

She turned to her left, into the gallery of the Roman Emperors.

Her fingers were empty eye sockets

stared at her dispassionately as she went. But to her serene faces or faces, set with an immortal sneer, faces finely chiselled or faces gross and sensual, were all alike. Her inner vision was held but by one scene... the white-tiled operating theatre in the nursing home, where surgeons and nurses went noiselessly about their work on an unconscious man.

A hand reached out to the galleries overhead, one of the students' rooms on the left, cast an involuntary glance at the solitary figure sauntering there with such an air of dejection in its pose. A puzzled look crossed his face at the sight of hers; he paused, wheeled round, raising his hat.

"Mrs. Hillier—pardon me, but surely I cannot be mistaken?"

It was Laurence Seton. In that moment Sylvia could not have told whether the feeling that rushed up over her heart was pleasure or dismay.

"No, indeed, there's no mistake! But how extraordinary that we should run up against each other here, of all places in the world, Mr. Seton!"

It was not in the least extraordinary, and she knew it. Laurence Seton was just the sort of man who would be likely to spend his fun-loving haunts in libraries and museums, but the stumbling words were the first that rose to her lips.

"Oh, this is a famous haunt of mine," Sylvia told him. "But I confess you are the last person in the world I expected to find paying respects to little Sylphie Cesar! I thought you and your husband had settled in Napur for long, long time to come. How is Jack?"

"Then you haven't heard?"

"Not a word of either of you since we left Napur. Not bad news, I sincerely trust, my dear child?"

"Why, yes and no."

The tears had rushed into Sylvia's eyes at the call of the affectionate companion of the grave.

Sylvia had never been definitely told that it was pleasure that had gripped her at the sight of the familiar face. It was good to be able to open her heart to another, to drop, even for a moment, the mask that she must always wear.

"Oh, let me tell you all about it," she said impulsively, and for the moment the desire to pour out all the truth to this man, to make him at once her confidante and her judge, tore at her. Laurence Seton would understand, as no other man could understand, what he would give her counsel and new strength.

Then very swiftly the thought of Edith Seton, of her prying ways and her ill-concealed air of eminence came to her, and the impulse passed.

But she told him a great deal more, much more, perhaps, than she guessed, as they walked up and down in the deserted Assyrian room at the end of the gallery under the benign gaze of the winged lions and human-headed Assyrian busts.

Laurence Seton's eyes were very full of sympathy as he listened. There was something inexpressibly pathetic in this lonely vigil of the girl-wife here, among these fragments of a dead world.

He looked at his watch.

"It's half-past eleven now," he said. "There come an hour to wait. I want you to come and have some coffee with me. No, please don't refuse," for he saw her make a swift little gesture of distaste. "I always have a cup now, and you will be doing me a kindness to keep me company."

He knew as certainly as though she had told him that this white-faced girl had not tasted food that day. Looking at her face more closely now, he saw how the childish face was set with the seal of some inner tragedy, and his heart was stirred very greatly, for he had conceived a

sponded so instantly and so heroically to his call.

When he had written that letter with which he had enclosed John Hillier's pathetic outpourings, that had never been meant for any eyes but his own, Laurence Seton had been very uncertain as to the response it would receive.

Hillier had always been reticent in his reference to the woman to whom he was engaged, but Seton had forced his own conclusions. She was hard, a trifle worldy and very selfish—else why should she have condemned the man she loved to five years' exile since Hillier was quite in a position to justify marriage.

Then this girl had come in answer to his appeal shattered by his preconceived notions of what a woman may be.

Not a woman, truly a girl, tenderly womanly, full of the divine, fascinating tenderness that is the hall-mark of the pure gold of love.

What had happened to mar this marriage that had seemed so splendidly ideal? he asked himself.

Against her fastidious disinclination, for the thought of food was repugnant to her, she went with him into the dingy restaurant, with its piles of half-eaten, cold, unsavory, unsoured cakes. But after that first mouthful of coffee had passed her lips, she was forced to confess that she was grateful for it.

"It has done me good. It's warm today, I know, but I feel horribly cold. But it is really you who have done me good, Mr. Seton. I wonder if you have any idea what a dear you are! I hope not; it would spoil you so much, you know."

She leaned across the little marble-topped table, her grey eyes like stars, alight as they were with gratitude and affection. Again Laurence Seton felt that strange, new feeling stirring in his heart, like an imprisoned pain.

"You mustn't flatter a battered old medical mind like mine. It might go to his head, Lady Hillier," he said.

She frowned faintly.

"Don't call me that." It had been on the tip of her tongue to ask him to call her by the name to which she had no right, and at this thought the blood came painfully into her cheeks. "You can't think how I hate the title and the fuss and all the detestable money," she said velvety-muttered.

And there was a desperate urgency in voices and look that again roused Seton's curiosity.

What was this tragedy? No material trouble. Evidently, this travail was of the soul.

She rose abruptly.

"I must go now. Thank you so much, Mr. Seton. You have actually given me courage to go back and hear the truth."

"The truth is a most pleasant hearing. I am sure of that," he said, rising also. "I don't often indulge in the role of prophet, but I do so now unhesitatingly. Remember, I can speak professionally. I failed in my diagnosis. But Dr. Marazoff never fails. I can assure you he is not the man to undertake an operation that he is not certain will succeed."

"It is strange! Everyone says that," she said dull-voiced. "Is it possible that there can be any man who never fails?"

The hopelessness in her tone amazed him.

"I am going to walk back with you, if I may," he said.

### THE VERDICT.

THEY passed into the big entrance hall. Over the arch the clock showed ten minutes to twelve. They were at the door of the nursing home on the very stroke of the hour, then.

As they went across the courtyard, Sylvia strove to speak naturally. She felt that this was the time for her to begin something unusual in her manner had stimulated his professional curiosity. Presently she felt, he would subject her to some subtle form of questioning, probing mentally, as the deft fingers of a surgeon probe for the wince that would disclose the presence of her hidden wounds.

"Is Miss Seton with you? Forgive me for not asking for her before, but my thoughts are all astray to-day."

"No, Edith is in the country. As a matter of fact, she has taken up some work—she found her leisure hang very heavy on her busy hands. She is looking after some children in Hampshire—two little girls, daughters of Sir George Clair."

Sylvia's breath came a little quickly. The net of the past seemed closing round her, mesh on mesh. She remembered for the second time that morning, and very acutely, a certain snake-like movement of the head that was characteristic of Edith Seton, and a certain malicious look she had surprised on the pinched face that day in the bungalow at Magalla when the missionary's sister had surprised her standing by John Hillier's chair with Valerie's unopened letter in her hands.

Then even these thoughts, with their hateful significance and fears, were blotted out.

They had reached the square now, where the plane trees reared their green heads in defiance of London smoke, and had halted at the foot of the steps leading to the white door with the gleaming brass knocker.

Seton did not fail to ask permission. He ran up the steps and knocked at the door. It was opened instantly.

"No, no, I won't go in," Sylvia said faintly in answer to the butler. "Ask one of the nurses to speak to me here."

(Continued on page 11.)

## GREAT WINTER SALE

Begins TO-MORROW.

Reductions which are, in nearly every case, actually 75 per cent. below the normal prices, will every Department with wonderful bargains, and make this Sale a truly notable event.

Ladies' All-Wool Sports Coat, smart check design with collar, \$10.00. Colours—Black/White, Saxe/White, Purple/White, Tan/White, Navy/White, Emerald/White. Usual price, 9/11. Post Free. Sale Price 5/- - free.

C. 2 only. Coney Seal Coat, three-quarter and 6 and 6 lengths. Sale Price (to clear) 70/-

C. 7,000 yards of good Velveteen, to be cleared, in all the leading shades—Black, Navy, Saxe, Reseda, Purple, &c. Usual value, 1/6. Sale Price, per yard 1/-

C. Odd lot of Fleecy Caps, excepting value, worth 21/-.

C. A large stock of Semi-trimmed and Untrimmed Felts, in Black and various shades. Usual price 1/11 to 2/11. All Reduced to (each) 6d.

C. 60 only. Down Quilts, well filled, covered printed Satin, with plain Sateen Panels, Full Size. Usual price 18/11. Sale Price 12/11

C. 67 large size Wicker Chairs, upholstered in good Cretonnes, with 12x22 Cushions. Usual price 6/6. Sale Price 4/11

The Apron. Black Velvet Sailor trimmed Black Velvet band, embroidered in floss silk or ribbon, with lace. Price 1/11. Sale Price, per pair, post free. 4/-

Smart Oriental Bedroom Slippers, well made, with string soles, trimmed button. Worth double. Sale Price, per pair, post free. 1/-

Please Write for Sale List

# THOMPSONS

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Lord Leven

**Lord Leven** and Melville, whose recent escape from a German prison after being wounded and captured suggests an adventure story, is spending the holidays with his mother and sister, Lady Betty

Leslie-Melville, at Kirtlington Park, Oxfordshire. Before leaving London on Wednesday Lord Leven was received by the King, to whom he told the story of his wonderful escape disguised as a Belgian.

**A Monkey Ceiling.**

Kirtlington, a fine Italian mansion, was purchased when his brother, the late Earl, sold Roehampton House. It belonged to Sir George Dashwood, and was built about 1754 by Sir James Dashwood. It has some magnificent apartments. One, the "Monkey Room," has a ceiling showing monkeys engaged in sport, and is similar to that painted by the same artist, Clermont, at Monkey Island, near Taplow. The Kirtlington ceiling is much finer and better preserved than the Monkey Island one, the colours being as bright and fresh as though painted yesterday instead of over a century and a half ago.

**A Secret.**

I can tell you a great secret. The war is to last two years longer. I know because in an omnibus on Christmas afternoon a lady informed her friend on the opposite seat, in confidence—and in a loud voice—that at the house of her brother-in-law's sister, who married Lord ... , Lord Kitchener was dining only last week, and he told Lady Dash—in confidence—that peace could not be declared a day before December, 1916. So now you know—but hush! Only you and I and twelve other people who were in the omnibus know!

**The Latest Gossip.**

But, talking seriously, this "confidential information" mania is becoming a great bore. Everywhere one goes nowadays one is made to listen to stories in awesome whispers of what "my own cousin's great friend, whose brother is at the Admiralty," has to say on the real meaning of the Scarborough affair; or what "my aunt's oldest friend, whose husband is in the confidence of Lord Kitchener," has to say about Ypres.

**Those Confidences.**

Or else some amazing nonentity, proclaiming in a loud voice her remote relationship to Sir John Jellicoe, will lecture the assembled multitude on the true inwardness of the naval situation, concluding with: "I know, you see, because Sir John ... well, you can take it from me that it is so." After all, few of us are quite so simple as to believe that Kitchener and Jellicoe confide State secrets to tenth cousins or take into their confidence anybody who babbles even unimportant items of office routine to friends of first cousins of loquacious aunts.

**Wanted to Lose His Eye.**

Sometimes I realise what a terribly unprogressive place London is: on Saturday, for instance, when I met an American friend wandering down the Strand with one of the finest specimens of a black eye I have ever seen. "And I can't find one man in all your city who can paint it for me," he complained bitterly.

**The Way They Have in U.S.A.**

Then I began to ask questions. It seems he had been in a motor smash in the fog of the night before, and was dining on Saturday night with some newly-made friends whom he didn't care to face with his wonderful sable eye. In New York, he explained, there are scores of establishments for black eye painting. For fifty cents—a couple of shillings—you can have the blackest black eye painted out with grease paint. At election and holiday times the trade is a huge one, yet here in barbarous London not a soul could make him to understand his needs.

**Black Eye Remover.**

So I took him along to an actor friend, who did a little fancy work with his makeup box, and my American friend departed happy and apparently unbruised. The actor says the world now offers new possibilities. The next time he is out of work he is going to take an office, hang out a sign—"Black eyes painted out at half a crown a time"—and make a fortune.

**Our Friends the Dutch.**

I have a friend who spent his Christmas in Holland, where he went to see an interned relative at Groningen. I lunched with him yesterday, and he gave me some interesting gossip of his trip. Ninety per cent. of the Dutch people are pro-English, he tells me, and it is not long before one has evidence of their kindly feelings for the Britons. Walking along the station platform at Flushing he asked an official how long it took to get to Utrecht. "It is not so far as Tipperary!" was the astonishing reply. "We all know the song here—we are with you, you know," said the cheery Dutchman.

**The Ubiquitous "Tipperary."**

A few days later, looking in at a café in a small Dutch town, he found a small entertainment in progress. A man was playing the piano and another man was singing—the song was "Tipperary"! Everybody there joined in the chorus, and when the song was finished there was loud and prolonged applause.

**'t Is Zoo'n Lange Weg Naar Tepperary.**

"Tipperary" is such a favourite in Holland that copies of the Dutch version of the song are sold in the streets for 10 cents—twopence. The chorus as the Dutchman sings it goes like this:—

't Is zoo ver weg naar Tepperary,  
't Is zoo ver hier van oerdaer,  
't Is zoo ver weg naar Tepperary,  
Oom marr mijn Molly heen te gaan.  
Adieu, Piccadilly, Warwick, Leicester square,  
't Is zoo lange weg naar Tepperary.  
Marr mijns hart is daer.

Two footnotes are added to the translation—one explains that Leicester-square is to be pronounced "L'Ceters Kwere," the other that "Paddy" is the English name for an Irish soldier.

**No War There.**

To a Londoner used to living in the gloom of half-extinguished and blackened lights, the brightness of the Dutch towns is a relief, he says. "The glare of the restaurants and cafés and arc lamps makes one instinctively think of Zeppelins, but—one realises it with a shock—the country is not at war! Although Holland is mobilised and ready at a moment's notice for any emergency, everything is going on as in the days of peace. It is curious to be able to sit in a restaurant after ten o'clock.

**You Must Be Neutral.**

"The Dutch people do not appear to worry about spies. After travelling in France and even visiting the naval towns of England one expects to be looked upon with suspicion and occasionally suffer arrest. But in Holland there is a different atmosphere altogether. There is only one thing one may not do, and that is to wear colours. An Englishman or a German who sports a small national flag in his buttonhole is sure to be reprimanded by the Dutch police and requested to remove it at once."

**Footballs for the Prisoners.**

Four of the footballs sent to me for the soldiers and sailors I sent by my friend to Holland, where 1,700 of our men are interned. I hear that the footballs were received with wild enthusiasm by the men. The weather is now very cold at Groningen, and "Soccer" is easily the most popular game in the camp. The four balls presented by *Daily Mirror* readers will enable several more football elevens to be formed. I am going to send them some more.

**Footballs for the Troops.**

Because of the Christmas posts and the Christmas holidays, and all the upsetting of routing those things mean, I am going to call a Christmas truce to the footballs-for-Tommy campaign to-day. To-morrow I am coming back to the fight with the latest figures and details of the attack and defence. But we are well into the seventh hundred now, and I want to finish that hundred before the year closes. Will you help?

**Obsolete.**

I was looking through an obsolete book—Baedeker's "Belgium and Holland"—yesterday. That guide-book, like many others, will want a lot of rewriting before the next tourist season in Europe begins. But I was interested to see what German Herr Baedeker had to say about the Belgian Army. "It is destined on principle only for the defence of the country and of the neutrality assured to it by the Treaty of London," he says. I wonder how Herr Baedeker will rewrite his notes on the Belgian Army in the next edition—that is, if there ever is one.

**Herrings or Battleships?**

Some of our spy-shy censors have been sending dangers in certain messages that have come from America over British cables to fish merchants in Holland. The firm of Otto L. Kuehn, of Milwaukee, have been cabling orders for pickled herrings and other fearsome dishes, and the censors have delayed some of them for further inquiries, and Milwaukee is getting quite cross about it all.

**Dick.**

If you go to the Pal-ladium any afternoon just now you will see a very charming Dick Whittington in the person of Miss Clarice Mayne, who has deserted temporarily her familiar style of entertainment to be principal boy in the children's annual play. Miss Mayne's husband, Mr. James W. Tate, the dancing conductor, is also there, and he gets fun as well as melody out of the orchestra

Miss Clarice Mayne

**This and That.**

Miss Mayne first captured public favour while acting in pantomime at Glasgow. Her husband was then conducting the orchestra. Their first big success together was a sprightly song, "Will He Answer Goo Goo?" In those days they used to be known as "This and That."

**Huns and Nuns.**

A Southampton correspondent is a little good-naturedly impatient with me because I sometimes call the German a Hun. He says that people don't know what Huns are—at least, in Southampton, where he heard "an intelligent citizen" explain that Huns are "religious ladies who never marry and who wear a kind of black overall with a piece of frilling round the face." Really, really, if I lived in Southampton I don't think I would admit that a fellow-townsman who did not know the difference between a Hun and a nun was intelligent. It infers a terrible condition in the unintelligent Southamptonian. What does he think a Hun is?

**Easier to Get Than to Get Rid Of.**

"All or none" is, of course, the rule in the Navy in the matter of hair on the face. But Jack is even further beset with rules. If he is clean-shaven and meditates a change he has to ask the captain if he may grow a beard and moustache. The answer is almost invariably "Yes." If, later, he wants to "take it off," he has again to ask permission, and the answer is often "No." THE RAMBLER.

## WELLWORTH MANUFACTURING FUR CO., 149, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON

(Left in Attendance.) FIRST FLOOR SHOWROOMS. (Close to St. Paul's Churchyard, ear only address.)

### Great FUR SALE

The Entire Stock of Made-up Fur Garments to be cleared at unprecedented reductions. Send now for Fur Sale Catalogue and secure a bargain.

#### Typical Examples of Our Drastic Reductions—

Charming Real Sable Neck-Muff. Price 15 gns. Sale Price £2 1/-

Fashionable Fox Fur Stole and Muff. Usual price 12 gns. Sale Price 8 gns.

Natural Fox Fur Stole and Muff. Usual price 12 gns. Sale Price 6 gns.

Natural Kit Fox Two-skin Stole and Skin Muff. Usual price 12 gns. Sale Price 6 gns.

Royal Exotic Fox Coat. Usual price 34/- Sale Price 22/-

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## ENJOYING CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT.



Mr. Tommy Atkins is not spending all his time in the trenches. He finds spare moments in which to kiss nice old ladies under the mistletoe and also to pluck the Christmas goose.

## NEWS ITEMS.

## Birth of Italian Princess.

The Queen of Italy has given birth to a daughter, her fourth child, says a yesterday's Rome message.

## Clearing Coast of Spies.

Further measures regarding espionage are expected and aliens, it is reported, are to be removed at least eight miles from the north-east coast.

## A Khaki Bride.

When Captain Harold Smith, of the 7th Buffs, was married at Chertsey, Surrey, on Saturday to Miss Scott-Moncrieff, the bride, bridegroom, the bride's brother, and the best man were all dressed in khaki.

## Duke's Son Missing.

Among the officers given as missing in the casualty list from the front, under date December 24, is Captain Lord J. T. Stewart-Murray, of the Cameron Highlanders, who is a son of the Duke of Atholl.

## Tragedy of Mined Steamer.

A Dutch steamer, the Leersum, was reported yesterday to have struck a mine between Scarborough and Flamborough, and two of the crew of nineteen being drowned, while the remainder were landed at Scarborough.

## SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.

**THE LEAGUE—Division I:** Tottenham H. (h) 6, Sheffield Wed. 1; Liverpool (h) 1; Manchester United 1; Newcastle (h) 4, Sunderland; Middlesb. City (h) 2; Chesterfield (h) 2; Rotherham U. (h) 2; Notts County (h) 5; Middlesbrough 1; Everton 1; Bradford City 0; Oldham Athletic (h) 6; Bradford 2; Bolton Wanderers; Ashton Villa (h) 1; West Bromwich Albion (h) 3; Burnley 0.

**THE LEAGUE—Division II:** Barnsley (h) 1; Clapton Orient 0; Birmingham 0; Bury (h) 1; Derby County (h) 1; Notts County (h) 2; Fleetwood Town 0; Grimsby Town (h) 1; Preston North End (h) 0; Lincoln City 0; Middlesbrough 1; Rotherham U. (h) 2; Shrewsbury Town (h) 1; Stockport County 0; Bristol City (h) 7; Grimsby Town 0.

**SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division I:** Norwich City (h) 4; Gillingham 0; Croydon Common (h) 1; Southampton United 0; Farnborough 0; Hastings 0; Ipswich Town 0; Brighton and Hove Albion 1; Swindon Town (h) 1; Bury 0; Southampton 0; Portsmouth 3; Luton Town 3; 3; Weymouth 0; Peterborough 0; Exeter City (h) 4; Watford 0; Queen of the Rangers 0; B. Bristol Rovers 1; Cardiff City (h) 2; Plymouth Argyle 0.

**SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division II:** Llanelli 0; Port Vale 0; Walsall 0; Hereford 0; Shrewsbury Town 0; Newport (h) 12; Atherliffe 0; Stalybridge Celtic 5; Ebbs Vale (h) 0.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE—Methven (h) 1; Abberdeen 1; Kilmarnock 1; Ayrshiremen 1; Greenock Morton 1; Dundee 1; St. Mirren 1; Hamilton 1; Dumfries 1; Clyde 1; St. Mirren 1; Falkirk 0; Heart of Midlothian 0; Dundee United 0; Dundee 0; Partick Thistle 0; Queen's Park 0; Third Lanark 1; Glasgow Rangers 1; Hibernians 4; Dundee 0.**

**NORTHERN UNION LEAGUE—Brockton (h) 0; Pits. (h) 0; Accrington 0; St. Helens 0; Widnes 17; Halifax 3; Wigan 15; St. Helens 0; Widnes 17; Runcorn (h) 3; Leeds 15; Hull 1; Bradford 15; Burnley 1; Blackpool 1; Preston 0; Bury 1; Droylsden 0; Dukeworth 44; Wakefield 4; Darwen 4; Hull 14; Kingston Rovers 0; Leigh 13; York (h) 12; Hull 0.**

## SELECTIONS FOR WOLVERHAMPTON.

1. 5—Dunstall, Hurdle—**SIBERIAN**.  
1.35—Shifnal Steeplechase—**COMFORT**.  
2. 5—Shrewsbury Steeplechase—**WILDE**.  
2. 5—Lancaster & Ayrshire—**WILDE**.  
3. 5—Wolverhampton, Hurdle—**CLICK CLACK**.  
3.30—Minor Steeplechase—**STARTAWAY**.

## DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

\***SIBERIAN** and VARIETY, LAD.

BOUVERIE.

## SATURDAY'S WINNERS AND PRICES.

KEMPTON. Price. Winner. Jockey.

Kew Hurdle (5) ..... 1. Parsonage ..... Avila

Hounslow Chase (3) ..... 7.4 Comique ..... Walkington

Maiden Chase ..... w.o. Fleeting Peace ..... Behan

Champion Chase (2) ..... 7.4 Ebsomite ..... Butler

Almond Hill (7) ..... 4.9 Elgon ..... Duller

HOOTON. Price. Winner. Jockey.

Kenilworth (7) ..... 1. Lady White ..... W. Smith

Canal Hill (7) ..... 7.4 Royal Visit ..... Gowell

Holiday Chase (4) ..... 4.9 Queen Ismail ..... Parfment

Cheshire Chase (4) ..... 6.4 Mask Off ..... Parfment

Westminster Chase (4) ..... 2.5 Vesperine ..... Parfment

Maiden Hill (3) ..... 2.5 Vesperine ..... Parfment

## The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 9.)

She leaned against one of the pillared supports of the door, waiting.

Almost immediately a nurse came, fresh and spotless looking in her pale blue linen gown and snow-white apron and cap.

"The news, so far, is excellent, Lady Hillier," she said. "Dr. Marazoff is more than satisfied. Sir John is going over very well indeed. But, of course, it is very soon, you know, to speak with perfect certainty."

"When shall you be able to do that?"

There was something terrible in the toneless voice.

The nurse looked at Sylvia with professional solicitude.

"I expect that Dr. Marazoff will wish to see you himself," she said. "He spoke of telephoning to you a moment or two ago. But, Lady Hillier, won't you come in and rest. I—"

"No, thank you. I wish to be alone."

Sylvia bowed formally and turned away without a word, and looked at Laurence Seton, who stood aside, waiting.

The missionary made no attempt to follow her. He realised that she must be alone.

But the look on the white face appalled him. It was the look not of a woman who has received joyful news, but of a criminal who has received the verdict of condemnation.

Sylvia hardly knew how she made her way back to the hotel. There was only one desire in her heart at that moment—to be alone. But the desire was not to be granted. She had only reached her bedroom when it was dismissing her maid, when the news came that Dr. Marazoff waited to see her in the lounge.

She went down at once to speak to him.

The big Russian was radiant. His fine eyes blazed with enthusiasm. He caught her hands in his own.

"Madame, I bring you magnificent news. Heaven has given you back the sight of your husband!"

He waited, like the spoiled child of fortune that he was, to receive the praise for the act he had just accredited to Providence.

"Oh, but are you sure?" Sylvia cried tremulously.

"Madame, absolutely!" He stared at this unconscious Englishwoman who received good news trembling and stricken-looking. "In three weeks' time I promise you, the bandages may be removed."

"Three weeks? Not before three weeks?"

The oculist made a gesture of impatience.

"But certainly, madame, they might be removed to-morrow—if you wish your husband to remain blind for all eternity. But—in three weeks, with all due care and freedom from any medical treatment, the bandages can be removed from the eyes of a whole man."

He took up his hat and gloves.

"Madame, I wish you good morning." His tone was almost ludicrous in its air of offended dignity. Only just in time did Sylvia recognise his self-command.

"Doctor—how can we ever thank you?" she cried brokenly. "It is true, then, what all the world has been saying—she never failed!"

"At least in this instance, madame, I have not failed," he said, relaxing after her praise. Then Jack would see—he would be again the man he once had been. Oh, thank Heaven for that.

But there were tears in her eyes, tears that she could not hold back—tears wrung from her by the wreckage of the secret, selfish hope she never actually acknowledged to herself until that moment.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

## ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

LADY Reid's Teeth Society Ltd., Gas St.; teeth at hospital prices, weekly if desired. Call or write, Sec. 524, Oxford St., Marble Arch. Tele. Mayfair 5559.

## AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS.

SENTRY Dogs, as supplied British Army; police dogs, Airedales, Fox, Aberdeen, Irish terriers; 5 gns., pups 2 gns.—Major Richardson's Kennels, Grovend, Harrow.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

D.RUNKARDS, Cried quickly, secretly; cost trifling; free—Carton Chemists Co., 522, Birmingham.

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## PERSONAL.

"FORGET-ME-NOT" £1 a Day Competition—Thursday's Winner is: Miss M. Cartwright, Broadmoor House, Cistro, Oxford.

"FORGET-ME-NOT" £1 a Day Competition—Wednesday's winner is: Miss M. Taylor, Trooper Cottages, Maxwelltown, Dunfermline. Mrs. M. H. Hardinge, 2, Drive, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey. Miss H. Humphreys, Long Cottages, Ayston Hill, Herford.

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MISS LAURENCE TAYLOR IN "SWEETHEART OF MY HEART."

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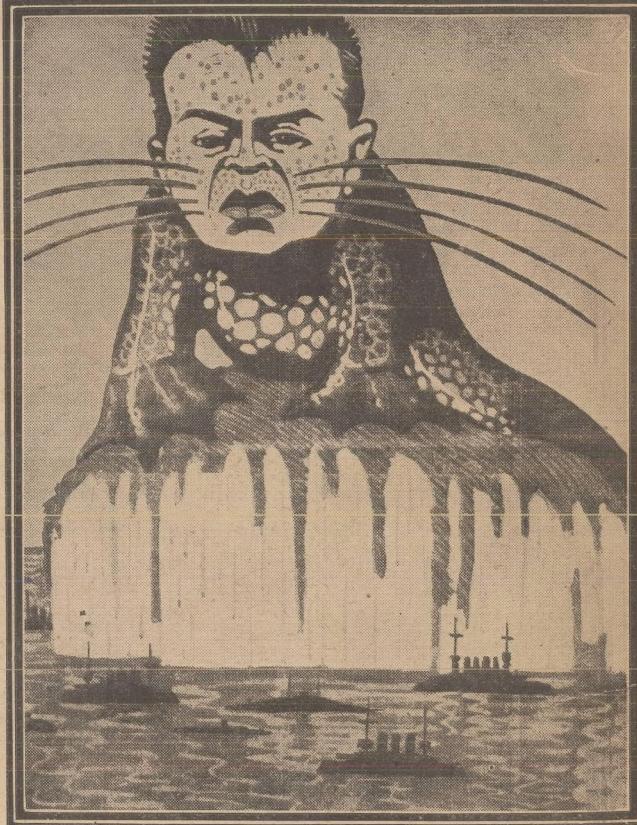
HOW the British Entertainers Left for the Front :::: Picture.

TOMMY" BUYS A NICE MINCE PIE. *4331*



British soldiers in France buying mince pies from a French girl. They look very warm and comfortable in their new goatskin coats. The soldiers are very proud of their furs, and like to be photographed in them.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

GERMANY'S VIEW OF THE SEA DOG. *911908 F*



Lord Fisher, the First British Sea-Dog, as depicted in a German cartoon. He is seen crouching on the cliffs of Dover, and we are told that he will die of starvation surrounded by German ships!

DEAD GENERAL. *P. 40*



The late General Kelly-Kenny, who died at Hove on Saturday in his seventy-fifth year. He was an exceedingly able officer and had a distinguished career.

BRITAIN'S NEW MINE SWEEPERS. *435 P*



Launching new British mine-sweepers at Selby. These vessels are part of a fleet of nineteen mine-sweepers that have been built by the Great Northern Steamship Fishing Company to clear the seas from German mines.

BRAVE DRUMMER. *P. 16915*



Drummer W. Bradbury, of the 2nd Worcestershire Regiment, has won the D.C. medal. He carried dispatches at the Aisne while severely wounded. He lost an arm.